Chloe Gordner   
Mrs. Lee/Mrs. McCarthy   
English p.4  
9/17/13  
Pre-Assessment SGO  
 I’ve been hanging in this closest for so long. So long I can’t even remember when I was first left. Maybe my owner forgot about me, maybe she didn’t want me at all anymore. All I know is that it’s dark and lonely in here, just like how I’m feeling right now.

I hear footsteps; they’re faint, but getting louder and louder. Then I hear the squeak of the closet door opening. I see a sliver of light getting bigger and then I see it. What I’ve been waiting for all this time. A young child who looks rather annoyed. She grabs my off of my hanger, with force and that disgusted look on her face.

She says, “I found the red sweater, but no one knows whose it is”.

They’re talking about me, because I no longer have an owner. This girl hands me to the tall women at the front of the room with glasses and another annoyed expression. Maybe it’s me they’re annoyed at, but I didn’t do anything wrong. The teacher holds me high in the air and says, “Whose sweater is this, does anyone know who it belongs to?”

No one answered. The room was silent and all of the children were still. Some even had those mean looks on their face. I wish I could speak, so I could tell them that there is nothing to be mean about. Someone broke that horrible silence that was starting to really hurt me.

“I think it belongs to Rachel.” I don’t know who Rachel is, but that little girl sure did have a bad attitude, I could hear it in her voice. The women that seemed to be in charge took me and put me on a desk at the front of the room. I’m assuming it was Rachel’s desk. But when Rachel looked like she was about to say something, she didn’t. She couldn’t, it looked like she physically couldn’t get her words out. “That’s not, I don’t, you’re not…Not mine” Rachel finally said. She sounded hurt and small; she even shrunk down into her chair letting her size match her voice. I felt bad, but at the same time I felt disowned and abandoned. No one liked me, and no one wanted me as their own.